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NO. 25.

Miscellaneous.

From the Ohio State Journal.

Marvellous Story.

M. Alexander, of Geneva, had occasion to go from Bruck to Laybach, passing through a wild country, inhabited by mountaineers. He sat out the latter part of last August. These are the terms, according to the *Stiele*, in which he recounts a curious incident of his journey:

"The day after my departure, I rode one of the dwarfish horses of the country, which are alone capable of enduring the fatigues of that rugged region; and, guided by the owner of the animal, reached that night an isolated inn, the only hall of which was filled with charcoal-burners, who were making a prodigious noise. I was going to take my seat at hazard in the middle of this company, when I noticed at the extremity of the room, and seated alone beneath the only lamp which lighted the apartment, a traveler, whose physiognomy and dress contrasted strangely with the appearance of the rest. I went and sat down opposite him, but he made no response to the salutation I addressed to him, as I took my seat, and he seemed not to know that I was there.

"Meanwhile, the conversation, interrupted an instant by my arrival, was resumed more noisily than ever; but I could not understand a word; the dialect of the people was almost wholly unknown to me.

"Monsieur," said my taciturn *vis-a-vis*, in very good German, after a quarter of an hour had elapsed, these bandits are preparing to throw themselves upon you, and rob you. But do not be afraid. As soon as you see them quit their places, blow out the light, slip under the table, and crawl to the door. I will take care of the rest."

"I was about to ask an explanation, but—

"Silence!" cried he, "and attention."

"In a few moments, the whole crowd rose together, and pressed toward the corner where we were; but faithful to my instructions, I extinguished the light and glided under the table. Immediately I heard a whistling sound, like that of a lash cutting the air, then cries of pain and rage, then smothered cries of men pressing one another to avoid some danger. I learned afterwards that this was occasioned by my unknown benefactor, who was scolding with a loaded whip this band of ruffians.

"Meanwhile, I crouched near the door, waiting the issue of all this, when my neighbor came close to me:

"Now, said he, in undertone, 'you with us. It is no time to amuse ourselves.'"

"We hurried forth, and after while found ourselves in comparative safety."

"But my poor guide, whom we have left behind with those people!" I exclaimed, suddenly recollecting him.

"Your guide is a rascal, like the others. It was he told them that you had money and a watch. He would have had his part of the booty."

"In spite of the fatigue of my journey, the emotions of that scene had restored me, and I walked the whole night with my companion, and at daybreak found myself in open German country. There was no longer any danger. As to my reciter, the peril once passed, he relaxed into his former taciturnity, and quitted me the same day, merely advising me, if ever I traveled through that country again, not to take a guide, and above all, not to carry my watch and money as I did. When, at the moment of our separation, I inquired who he was, that I might know to whom I was so much indebted:

"I am," said he, saluting me, "I am your humble servant."

"He turned his back upon me, and soon disappeared. Singular being!"

"On the 25th of last September, finding myself once more at Laybach, I saw every body running towards the market square. Urged by curiosity, I did as everybody did, and arriving at the common rendezvous, I made one of the great crowd that pressed a scaffold, where a man was about to be hanged. But judge of my surprise, when I beheld at the top of the ladder, and leaning with folded arms against the gibbet, and awaiting the arrival of the prisoner, my liberator from the Inn of the Colliers. He was the town hangman!"

QUEER PHENOMENON OF INTENSE COLD.

Of the cold between the 8th and 10th ult., at Ogdensburg, N. Y., the *Journal* says:

A gentleman residing on the west side of the bridge, froze his face and ears while on his way to church Sunday morning. A man in passing from Johnson's Hotel to the Railroad depot, froze both his ears close to his head. Time occupied in the passage, less than five minutes. A farmer attending church in the village, froze four fingers. A small boy on his way to church, Sunday morning, froze his nose. A young man going from his home to the store where he is employed, froze one thumb, both ears, and his nose.

All night long both Saturday and Sunday, the action of the frost upon the ground, side-walks, buildings, and trees, produced frequent reports not unlike the sound of discharged fire-arms and field-batteries. The paring of spikes in the side-walks and the nails in the buildings afforded a representation of a "scrimmaging" keeping up a continuous pop, and frequently severing getting off together.

WHAT A BATCH OF PIES COST A U. S. SENATOR.—Two passengers came through on the underground railroad train a few days since from Kentucky. One was Senator Thompson's "boy," a likely mulatto of some 18 or 20 years of age. It is said a tie of so delicate a nature connects the "boy" with his master as to excite the ire of his mistress and to make home particularly uncomfortable when the Senator is at Washington.

A batch of pies caused the "boy" to leave home. He had put the pies in the oven leaving the door open, as the oven was too hot, but by some accident the door got shut, the pies were burned, the boy was promised a licking in the morning, but before day he and a fellow were on their way towards the North Star.

A Modern Romeo.

Come, bitter condit, come, unavailing guide! Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on the dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary bark! Here's to my love! O true apothecary! Thy drugs are quick. Thus with a kiss I die.

Romeo sought the tomb of Juliet, to die beside what he supposed was her dead body; the only instance recorded, so far as we know, of such devotion as to induce one to seek a living tomb. But this case has had its parallel in New Orleans, if we substitute a mourning father for a mourning husband.

The New Orleans *Crescent* gives the details. An Englishman, named Sylvester Rupert, lost, by yellow fever, his pet child—Lizzie of four years and with his own hands—being too poor to purchase—he built a brick tomb and there deposited the body of Lizzie.

At the tomb he made a wooden frame, and he fitted a piece of board, and secured it with screws in the four corners. On this board with which he closed the vault, he carved nicely with his knife the burial inscription of his child. He fastened the board with screws, in order that he might afterwards have no trouble in removing it when he felt like gazing upon the decaying remains of his child.

This employment finished, it was his habit to visit the cemetery, open the tomb, and look at the corpse of his pet. He always carried a screw-driver in his pocket with which to remove and replace the board, and also to remove and replace the lid of the coffin. His visits were frequent, and sometimes his wife went with him. He frequently complained to her that he could not get work; and this inability doubtless fostered the despondency which was drawing him to death. On Thursday, when he left home, he told his wife that if he had no better luck in finding work she would never see him again.

That evening or that night—for no one saw him in his gloomy proceedings—he visited the cemetery; taking with him his screw-driver, an iron trunk-handle, a small rod of iron, a piece of wire, some new screws, and a large vial of laudanum. Un-screwing the board of the tomb, he threw away the screws and filled the screwholes in the board with clay.

With his new screws he then secured the trunk handle to the inside of the board. This work, of course, had to be done outside the tomb. Pushing his child's coffin aside, he got in by its side, taking with him his poison and the other articles with which he had provided himself. His hat he placed upon the coffin; his coat, which he had taken off, he wrapped around a brick for a pillow. He shut himself in with the board, by fitting inside the wooden frame. The iron bar, which was of the proper length, he placed across the frame inside.

The thickness of the frame would not allow the bar to pass through the trunk-handle on the inside of the board; so he secured the handle and the bar with his wire coiling it through the one and around the other. He did not succeed in fitting the board squarely upon the frame. One corner of it caught upon the brickwork outside the frame; this he did not discover, probably, owing to the darkness of the night; and but for this little circumstance his fate would probably have never been discovered, or not at least for many years. Having thus hid himself away, as he fancied, beyond mortal discovery, he drained off the contents of his laudanum bottle, composed himself on his back, placed the brick and coat beneath his head, and went to sleep, and off into this unknown region of the suicides.

As he did not return home on Thursday night his wife feared the worst, remembering well the tendency of his late conduct and the tenor of his parting words. On Friday morning she rose early went out to the cemetery. She looked around, and failed to find her husband. She went and looked at their tomb, and was about to leave, when she happened to notice that the board did not fit snugly into the frame as usual. Looking closer she discovered the mud in the screw-holes; and putting her hand on the board, found it was standing loosely. She pulled it out a little, and the first thing she saw was the dead face of her husband. She fainted away, and laid in the grass she could not tell how long.

Among the valuable relics treasured up at the ancient and venerable College of William and Mary, (now one hundred and sixty-three years old), in Williamsburg, Va., is a Book of Minutes. Among the minutes made for the government of the students of this College in 1732 was a law forbidding the students to keep a race horse; it decreed that all race-horses should be sent off and never brought back. Another law was against billiard playing and cock fighting. Among those minutes are the following:

"May 14, 1754.—Resolved, Yt a person be appointed to hear such boys as shall be recommended by their parents or guardians a chapter in the Bible every school day at 12 o'clock, and yt he have y^e yearly salary of one pistole for each boy so recommended."

"June 26, 1761.—Resolved, That Mrs. Foster be appointed stocking mender in the College, and that she be paid annual the sum of twelve pounds, provided she furnish herself with lodging, diet, fire and candles."

"May 3d, 1771.—Resolved, unanimously, That a negro woman belonging to his Excellency's [Lord Botetourt] estate, be purchased for the use of the College, if it be had at a moderate price."

A terrible scene occurred at the execution of Bray Saunders, at Jerusalem, Virginia, last week. His crime was shooting his wife while she slept. He was very much overcome, trembling and shaking like a leaf. After the drop fell, the knot in the rope slipped, and the miserable man fell to the ground. In the most piteous tones he implored for mercy, and begged the officers not to hang him again. But the sheriff had him dangling a second time, and in thirty-five minutes Bray was no more—a corpse.

From the Washington States, Jan. 26.

Have we a Democratic Party Among Us?

The doubt implied in the above interrogatory, however startling at first sight, appears anything but absurd on examination. Nay, at the hazard of contradicting the vulgar prejudice and shocking our sense of security, we are obliged to announce the deliberate conclusion that there is now no democratic party in existence. And we will venture the assertion, that the paradoxical opinion will be embraced by all observing and reflecting persons.

Of individual democrats, dispersed over the country, each with his peculiar profession of faith and object of pursuit, there is unquestionably a very abundant supply. But they are no more constitute a party in the philosophical sense of the word, than a heap of unwhewn and unadjusted stones constitutes a palace. For the realization of that idea, there must be primarily a common foundation, then a due subordination and fitness among the parts, and finally a complete unity of organization. We doubt if any one of these conditions can be predicated of the democracy.

In the first place, will any man pretend to affirm that democrats are agreed upon a basis of principle? In respect of which one among the political issues before the country is there so much even as an approach to unanimity in the "party." Not surely in regard to popular sovereignty. The disagreement between the President and his Secretary of State on this subject, is the symbol of an equivalent difference among the democracy. Not in regard to the Pacific Railroad, for here again the chief of the administration is at points with the Secretary of War, and the class of strict construction Democrats dissent from the faith of their less scrupulous associates. Not in regard to Federal appropriations for the improvement of rivers and harbors; since the division of the Cabinet on this issue is likewise responsive to a similar division among the mass of the democracy. Not yet is there anything like unanimity in the "party" in regard to that most important matter of all—the tariff question, in respect of which Mr. Buchanan affirms one belief, while Mr. Cobb maintains directly the opposite.

We need not recapitulate all the points of divergent doctrine among the Democracy. It is sufficient to say that upon no single issue is there adequate agreement for a common basis of action. In the matter of organization we discover an equal absence of control and unity in the "party." We have a Lecompton and an anti-Lecompton faction; there are the followers of Douglas and here the adherents of Buchanan; in short, as many as the aspirants for the Presidency, so many are the cliques and cabals among the Democracy.

Heretofore the administration has afforded a rallying point for the individuals of the "party"; but, instead, it is become an original occasion of dispute and dissension. In these latter days, the recommendation of a Democratic Executive implies little more authority with a Democratic representative than with a member of the Opposition.

In one particular the democracy are thought to be very generally agreed in opinion and concurrent in action, and that is in pursuit of the spoils. But even in this most important matter they exhibit the same diversity of interest and policy observable in every other regard. The course of the present Democratic Executive has been signalized by the indiscriminate ostracism of the office-holders of its democratic predecessor. And in respect of future promotion, the rival factions in the "party" are more intent each on the defeat of the rival than on the overthrow of the common enemy. Unless these domestic dissensions be harmonized by the prevalence of more fraternal counsels or suppressed by the pressure of an overwhelming peril, we are not warranted in anticipating the cordial co-operation of the various factions among the "party" in the struggle of 1860. Even the potent spell of the spoils will not now avail to subdue the demon of discord among the democracy.

It is no absurd speculation, therefore, to inquire whether there be a democratic party among us? In fact, on elaborate investigation, we are constrained to return a negative response to the question. There is no such entity as a democratic party. Greater confusion of tongues and opposition of interests did not prevail among the children of men after their ambitious but abortive attempt in the plain of Shinarump, than are now visible in the broken ranks and mutilated animosities of the once harmonious and triumphant democracy.

By the Overland Mail.

The American Express brings us San Francisco papers of January 6th by the last overland mail to St. Louis.

The San Francisco *Call* says: The estimated weight of gold shipped from California since the discovery and working of our gold mines is eight hundred and fifty tons.

The Herald has late news from the troops in Humboldt County, where the "crushing out" of the Indians is going on. The volunteer soldiers hold 225 Indians in captivity, and have killed some fifty more. The Northern *California*, a paper printed in Humboldt County makes the following cruel remark:

"Now is the time to rid Humboldt Co. of this pest. Soon the volunteers will be disbanded, and the U. S. troops will be wanted elsewhere. If the people who intend to live here, who have their interests here, will earnestly take hold of this matter, the last tawny rascal may be taken from the county before next Spring. And if one dares to show his head here after being removed, send him speedily to the happy hunting grounds of his race."

Gov. Weller's message in ten columns in length. What a country California is for big things!

There are one hundred and fifty churches in Baltimore among them 42 Methodist Episcopal; 19 Episcopal; 18 Roman Catholic; 15 Presbyterian; 2 Baptist.

The City of Refuge for Crazy Wives and Knavish Husbands.

Indiana has gained a notoriety by her scandalous Divorce Laws that makes that State a haven of refuge for all women too strong minded to be satisfied with one husband, and for all men who want to get unmarried and have not courage to administer strychnine to their wives.

We see in the *Indianapolis Journal* the following beautiful illustration of the working of the Indiana law:

In the discussion of amendments to the divorce laws in the Senate, a case was discovered in which a gentleman in Leavenworth, Kansas, had furnished his wife with money to visit her friends in the East, and to travel for the benefit of her health. On arriving at Indianapolis, she concluded to take advantage of the Indiana divorce law, and procure a nullification of her marriage. She then went to Kokomo, where she made affidavit that she was a bona fide resident of the State of Indiana, and filed a complaint in the Howard circuit court, against her husband for a divorce, a notice of which was published for the benefit of her husband, who was a non-resident of the State. In the meantime, her husband thought she was in the East, as he received letters from her post-marked first at Cleveland and afterwards at Boston.

While still under the impression that his wife was at Boston, the husband received a copy of the *Howard Tribune*, containing a notice of the filing of the complaint against him. He immediately left Leavenworth, and arrived at Indianapolis, reaching the city on Saturday, the 20th of November. The Howard circuit commenced its session on the following Monday—the 22d, and to reach Kokomo in time to answer the complaint against him, he had to hire a locomotive from the Peru and Indianapolis Railroad to take him to Kokomo, in order to be in court at the proper hour.

The reason, stated for the defence made in the case was that the wife had been induced to ask for a divorce under improper influences. She has been for some time half crazed by spiritualism, and the husband thought if he could place her beyond these influences, she would abandon the suit. The case is still pending.

The following paragraph is from the Boston *Traveller* of Friday:

SPIRITUALISM IN THE FAMILY CIRCLE. We regret to hear that a gentleman of this city, of distinguished literary and scientific attainments, one who bears a venerated name, and whose genius and science has given an important improvement to the cities of the United States, has been so far bewildered in the mazes of Spiritualism, as to believe that he is wrongly mated with an aquatic and devoted wife and has found his spiritual affinity with another wife though heart-broken by the development, and having one child by the development, to the request of her husband for a separation, and he has gone to Indiana to procure a divorce, in order that he may marry his new affinity, who, we believe, is like his wife, a lady of intelligence, amiability, and irreproachable character.

A Boy Carried Over Niagara Falls.

The Rochester *Democrat* says that a lad twelve years of age, the son of Mr. Gibbs, foreman of the Niagara Falls Paper Mills, was, on Saturday, carried over the American Fall. That paper says:

The Niagara Falls Paper Mill is situated on Bath Island, between Goat Island and the mainland, and the machinery is driven by water power.

On Saturday afternoon a number of men were engaged in clearing away the ice which obstructed the flow of water in the race, and Mr. Gibbs' boy was playing about the vicinity. In one place the race is spanned by a narrow foot-bridge of plank, destitute of a railing or other protection on either side; and somehow in crossing this he lost his balance and fell into the water. The current was very strong; and in an instant the child was carried out through the bulkhead at the tail end of the race and precipitated some ten feet into the foaming flood, a short distance above the bridge connecting the two islands. The rapids were full of floating blocks of ice, and mingled with these the poor little fellow was carried down the stream. Help could not be afforded, and the horrified spectators watched him till he was lost to sight. He was observed to raise his hand once as if to remove something from his face, and that was all. The distance from the race to the falls cannot be much over fifty rods, and the fatal leap was not long delayed. It is not probable that any vestige will ever be discovered of the remains. The remorseless vortex beneath the Falls seldom returns to land anything committed to its mysterious depths.

WHO ARE THE FRIENDS OF ACTUAL SETTLERS?—The *Tribune's* dispatch of last inst., gives the analysis of the vote on Mr. Grow's bill, to allow actual settlers to enter and hold a quarter section of land, as follows:

An analysis of the vote on the final passage of Mr. Grow's Homestead Bill, which passed the House this morning, 120 to 76, shows that there voted for the bill: Republicans, 82; Democrats, 38. Against it, Democrats, 60; Americans, 15; Republicans, 1. (Mr. Nicholas.) The Northern Democrats who voted against it were: Messrs. English, Hughes, Niblack, Marshall, Shaw, (Ill.) and Leidy. About twenty Northern Democrats dogged.

The South do not like Northern "mud sills" and the Democrats obey orders and vote against "mud sills" or they dogged when their names are called.

Testimony of John G. Breslin.

COLUMBUS, Feb. 2. EDS. CINCINNATI COM.—Mr. Edgerton, of the Treasury Investigating Committee, has just returned from Canada. It is reliably reported that Mr. Breslin has made a full statement of the defalcation in the original defalcation, but does not clear him from responsibility in the Seneca County Bank affair.

The Late Tragedy at Bellows Falls.

We have received, says the Boston *Traveller* an extract from the *Bellows Falls (Vt.) Times*, giving full particulars of the late tragedy in that town, resulting in the death of a young man who had eloped with his brother's wife. His name is W. H. Sanders, nineteen years old, as was also his partner in guilt. The brother pursued them to Bellows Falls, and it was discovered that he swallowed a quantity of strychnine. The woman was in the act of following his example but before she had imbibed a fatal dose, the vial was dashed from her lips by her husband. The man died in three quarters of an hour. The woman will recover. The *Bellows Falls Times* says:

"Daniel Sanders, husband of the truant woman, is said to be a very steady, industrious, hard-working man, and exceedingly indulgent to his wife, for whom he has been ready to make any sacrifice, and with a short period had purchased for her largely in dresses and jewelry. On the other hand, she is said to be rather pretty looking, giddy, and light-hearted, caring more for balls and transient pleasures than her own household. She has a young child which she left at home sick when she ran away. On examination of a trunk which she left locked up at home, she had taken out her things and partly filled it with wood. She got money of her husband under pretence of buying a shawl on the evening of her desertion, but made no purchase. She is of French birth and a native of Canada."

On the inquest the husband of the guilty woman testified that he and the landlord and a Mr. Crain found the two in adjoining rooms, which were connected by a door.

I went up into the room and found my wife and my brother William both there, and Mr. Crain and the landlord were present; my brother was not in bed when I first saw him; he was in the first room, had his coat and vest off; this was about three o'clock in the morning; there had been no one in the room where I found him; I asked my brother what he was there for, don't know as he made any reply; I then passed along into the room adjoining and found my wife in bed there. Mr. Crain told her to get up, she said she would get up when we left the room; Crain went out, and I got her clothes, and she got up and dressed her. When she was dressed she came out into the first room, and I came with her; William went into the room; when she came out, she combed her hair and William motioned to her to come into the room where he was; when she went in there William handed her something white out of his hand, and they both at the same instant put it into their mouths, and my brother caught up the goblet and drank, and handed it to her, but I got to her and knocked it out of her hand before she had time to drink; they then came into the first room, and he took up the pitcher and drank and handed it to her, and she drank a little before I could get to her to take it away. I then took away, and she sat down on the bed; I then called Crain and told him they had been taking poison; Crain came in, and my brother and Crain both went down; my wife then said they had both been taking strychnine, and wanted I should get the doctor in a hurry; in about five minutes my brother came back with a cigar in his mouth, he threw away his cigar and sat down in a rocking chair, and in about three to five minutes he fell out of the chair on the floor; when he fell on the floor he said to my wife, 'we are both gone.' And about that time there were about half a dozen persons in the room, some of them took him up and put him on the bed, and he lay there towards an hour before he died.

At Canis, Me., during the recent cold spell, a boy was frozen to death in the cell of a jail. It is said the boys cried murder, and did all in their power to make the jailer hear and liberate them, and let them go where there was fire, but he could not be made to hear, or, if he heard, did not heed them.

The Boston Herald gives the particulars of two men who have recently left that city, having lost heavily by gambling and the purchase of lottery tickets. One has lost a property of about \$12,000, and the other is minus a property of about \$40,000.

The mosque of Omar, in Constantinople, is highly perfumed with musk, which is mixed with the mortar in its walls during the time of their erection several hundred years ago.

The christening of the twenty-third child of a happy couple named Wouters, at Lierre, in Belgium, is celebrated in the foreign papers. Twenty-two of the children still survive.

Michigan proposes to build a new Capitol for herself at Lansing. It is proposed to be fire proof, modern Doric in style, 265 feet on its northern front, and 200 on its southern; estimated cost, \$500,000; material, brick faced with Grand Rapids marble, provided the latter shall appear durable enough.

Some of the farmers in Northern Ohio and on the borders of Indiana have commenced the breeding of deer, the same they do sheep, and they bring them to market in the same manner.

The Ottumwa (Iowa) *Courier*, of January 6th says: "We have never approached so near a famine in this country as we have the past year." The crops have failed, and breadstuffs are being purchased at the East for shipment to Iowa.

A boy, three years old, was badly scalded, in Burlington, a few days since. His friends immediately applied oil and cotton; the cotton was accidentally set on fire! This second burning caused his death.

It is said that from fifty to a hundred whalers will put into Japan ports next season, to refit and obtain supplies, instead of going to Honolulu, as they have hitherto done.

Agricultural, &c.

From the Ohio Cultivator.

How to Have Good Potatoes.

FRIEND HARRIS:—If the farmers that seemed to feel so well over their potato crops a year ago in writing out their accounts of yields, &c., will now write out their accounts for the same crop in 1858, how will their account stand compared with 1857? I am willing to submit my account: The weather was so wet all last spring, that I could neither sow or plant with much prospect of success, and so held back until about the middle of the month, when a few days of fair weather dried my ground, so that I commenced plowing for corn; got part of it planted, when a drenching rain drove me from the field. Then waited for it to dry off again, and finished planting corn on the 24th of the month; and plowed for potatoes, and began to plant on the 25th of the month, of the South American variety, or called by some the Chili potato.

We planted an acre and a half of that variety, and half an acre of Rocky Mountain, Scotch Grey, Blue Neshamoe and Mexicans, cultivated all alike. Part of the soil was yellow clay loam, pretty well manured, broken the year before from pasture sod with double Michigan plow, 9 or 10 inches deep, and cultivated in corn. We planted six bushels of potatoes to the acre after this manner: We cut them so as to leave but one or two eyes to a piece, and dropped the pieces about five inches apart in the furrow made with a one-horse cast plow; and when dropped, turned the furrow back upon the seed dropped, and the planting was done. We completed the planting of said two acres, 29th of the month; of course, so late that we could not expect much of a crop.

I have learned, by experience, that warm weather, after potatoes are planted, is very fatal to the seed and young plants; and that a furrow along side of the row has a tendency to keep the seed dry and in growing order. Hence I contend that a plow is the right tool to cover potatoes with; and in a level country the rows should be run from upper to lower side of the field so that all surplus water can easily escape.

When the young plants were large enough, we worked them twice in a row with a one-horse harrow and double shod plow. After a few weeks they were worked twice in a row with the one-horse plow and double shod, with a little hand pulling of weeds, completed the cultivation. The South Americans gave a good yield for any season. We measured off a half acre, and dug from it 130 bushels of large, nice potatoes, that were worth 75 cents per bushel, amounting to nearly \$100, as the product of one-half acre. The cost of cultivation was not over \$5, including digging, &c., as we rolled them up with a plow. This half acre was the yellow clay loam. The black loam did not produce so well, but the South Americans all made a good yield. The other varieties in comparison—didn't pay rent for the ground.

I am satisfied that there is nothing in the size of the potato for seed—whether large or small—whether the eye is taken from the body of the potato or from the seed-end as some call it, or whether a large piece of the potato is cut, in connection with the eye, or a very small piece; but it nearly all depends upon the season and cultivation, to guard against excessive wet and severe drouth. A furrow each side of the row leads off all surplus water, and a continued row, with a ridge each side of the row, in deep, pulverized, productive soil, is the best protection against drouth. And use the Chilis or South Americans for seed, and plant as early as the season will admit, and success will be almost certain.

JOSEPH MOSHER.

Mt. Gilead, 1st Mo. 6th, 1859.

Comparison of Corn and Rye.

I notice in the first of January No. of the *Ohio Cultivator*, an inquiry as to the difference in the worth of rye and corn as feed for cattle and hogs, when ground in meal. I would here observe that I followed the milling business for sixteen years, by which occupation I learned many things that might be useful both to farmer and miller in many respects. I learned of old teamsters, that horses used at hard labor on the roads, as also those for farm work, could not be kept in better condition on any kind of food than on rye ground neither too coarsely nor yet too fine, which should be well mixed with a due proportion of straw or hay cut very fine. I learned that ship-stuff, (which is composed principally of the eyes of wheat grains,) would fatten horses sooner than any other kind of food given them, as to quantity and quality.

I was told, that seventy or eighty years ago, it was a common practice among the German Farmers of Penn., to mix unground rye with a due proportion of fine cut straw, and none kept fatter and better horses. I also learned that corn cracked in three or four pieces, and mixed with a due proportion of wheat bran or shorts, was considered by old Virginia farmers an excellent food for work horses, or those to be fattened for sale, having a tendency not only to fatten, but to assist in drying the hair down, and makes it look fine and sleek.

Work oxen and all neat cattle differ materially from horses as to grain food. The horse will grow strong on plenty of rye feed, while the ox will grow poor and weak, but will thrive and endure hard labor fed on corn meal and cut straw. Corn is much to be preferred when ground and scalded or cooked for cattle, and corn meal may be fed to great advantage in fattening hogs, especially when mixed with potatoes boiled or steamed. Corn meal fed to hogs, or fattening cattle, fed dry or wet, without being cooked, should have a bushel of bran or shorts, to three bushels of corn meal, with water sufficient to make it when well mixed into a thick mash. The bran or shorts will cause the corn meal to be retained in the animal thus fed with it, until the strength of the corn meal is exhausted by the hog or cow before being discharged.

Mrs. M. M. S.

It may be taken for granted that corn is much better suited to the raising and fattening both cattle and hogs, than rye. Corn is better suited to their nature, and contains more saccharine, nutritious fattening properties. Rye was formerly raised in large quantities, thirty or forty years ago, in the southwest part of Ohio, and fed out to hogs in the sheaf, and hogs grew and fattened on it. But rye, on the old lands of Ohio, is not now as productive or profitable as when the land was new, and retained all its native virgin properties. I am well aware that three times the amount of corn can be raised to the acre, in old lands, to that of rye. True, it takes more labor to raise corn, but in the long run it pays better. Horses used to corn, and constantly fed on it, without being allowed too much of it at a time, not only thrive and fatten on it, but have been known to perform long journeys, in the performance of which they could get no other kind of grain, and stood it well, even in hot summer weather.

I also learned among other things, while employed as a miller, the order in which farmers ought to take their grain to mill to be ground, particularly their wheat; as every farmer requires not only good flour, but a good turn out, which no miller can perform where wheat is damp and dirty. Let every farmer then see to it that his wheat is dry—not kiln dried—and perfectly clean of all filth, and of a good quality, not smutty and perhaps then there will be no need to blame the miller for bad flour and a poor turn out.

ROBERT A. SHEPARD.

Jefferson County, O., 1859.

"Honey Blade Grass"—A Great Sell.

The success of an old and well known forage plant, several years since introduced in the Western States of Iowa, Illinois, &c., is soized upon by unprincipled sharpers as a means of filling their pockets at the expense of the gullible public. The plant in question is identical *Panicum Germanicum*, or German Millet, recently christened *Hungarian Grass*. For some purposes and on some soils, this has always been esteemed a valuable forage plant, and at this time the seed can be had of dealers at from \$2 a bushel, downwards. A bushel of seed will sow two or three acres. But what we wish to put our readers upon their guard against, is a flaming advertisement which we have seen, having its head in St. Louis and tail in N. Y., in which this grass is set forth under the seductive names of "Honey Blade Grass," and is offered in sacks containing seed enough to sow an acre, for \$2—just about six times what that quantity of seed is worth, as any amount of this seed can be obtained for \$1 a bushel, and it can be afforded as cheap as oats. Hold on, Cultivator folks, there will be enough of this seed in market to stock the nation, before sowing time, next May or June.

Household Recipes.

MOIST BREAD.—RICE AND FLOUR.—Tie up one pound and a half of the best American rice in a thick linen bag, allowing ample room to swell: Boil it three or four hours, until it becomes a smooth paste, mix this while warm with fourteen pounds of the